I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you dispos'd, you quake like reabels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. Ma. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dorf. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to each each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile somuch with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
Not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my sonne, which now is p
For *Edward* my son, which was a
Die in his youth by like vntimely
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that wa
Out liue thy glory, like my wretch
Long maist thou liue to waile thy
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stal
Long die thy happy dayes before
And after many lengthened houre
Die neither mother, wife, nor *Engl*
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were stan
And so was thou Lord *Hastings*,
Was stabd with bloody daggers, C
That none of you may liue your na
But by some vnlookt accident cut
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou
Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? stay
If heauen haue any greeuous plagu
Exceeding those that I can wish vp
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be
And then hurle downe their indigna
On thee the troubler of the poore w
The worme of conscience still begn
Thy friends suspect for traytors wh
And take deepe traytors for thy dea
No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes o
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormentin
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly di
Thou eluish markt, abortiue rooting
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne o
Thou flaunder of thy mothers heau
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loy
Thou rag of honour, thou detested,
Glo. *Margret.*
Qu. Ma. *Richard.*
Qu. Ma. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37